

William Allen White's "As I See It"

Cartoon Sketches by Albert Levering

Will Mr. Daugherty Be Next?

THE resignation of Senator Newberry two weeks after the election, wherein he was rebuked in his own state and contributed to the defeat of nine other Senators, clearly made manifest the flaring sword of public opinion—above law, above courts and senates and above all the organized institutions of orderly government. This flaming sword of public opinion is not often needed, but it is always ready, and when due processes of law thwarts the determined will of the majority the people have a way of cutting across their own institutions and going straight to their desire. They "move in a mysterious way," but, like the bug of immortal song, they "get there just the same."

These remarks should be emblazoned in red and gold upon the heart of Attorney General Daugherty. Exactly the same forces in our politics are after him that set upon Truman Newberry. Call it a mob if you care to: jeer at its inconsistency and blind madness, but, nevertheless, don't monkey with the buzzsaw, unless perchance you desire to walk into it and come out in two parts, with the law and the precedents and the indorsement of the powers that be on one side of the buzzsaw and your job on the other side, neatly separated from each other.

These first fine fair days of the short session of Congress would seem to be a divinely appointed time for Mr. Daugherty to go on a mission, leaving the Attorney General's office for some more useful branch of the service of his government. Of course, the storm may blow over, but it has been a long time brewing—at least out West—from the same political weather breeders that produced the cyclones of Greenbackism, Populism and Progressivism. Each of these disturbances left a high mortality list among conservative statesmen, who stood up facing the breeze with a closed mind and open jaw. And the sad part of it all was that the sacrifice did no particular good. These statesmen who withstood the mob, as they call it, found that in a few years their fellow conservatives were busy enacting the very legislation which the martyrs

died to check. And it will do no good for Mr. Daugherty to deck himself up in a martyr's haloed bonnet and go down protesting against the legality of his position. Ballinger did that. So did Lorimer. So just yesterday did Newberry. A martyr's crown looks easy to achieve. But it does not always jell!

Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell, but she just giggled the other day when another statesman lit on his back and gazed up at the eternal stars. And Mr. Harry Daugherty seems to be the next in the line.

Why This Excitement?

THE referendum was invoked in four American states upon the Volstead act. In one state the referendum was merely advisory, and for months before the election the dry leaders advised their followers to ignore the referendum. That state was Illinois and of course the wets won. In three other states the referendum was not advisory. It was mandatory, and there was a finish fight. The wets won in the wet state of Massachusetts and the dries won in the dry state of Ohio and in the wet state of California, where prohibition never had won before. In the wet states the wets won, sometimes under the Republican



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banner, sometimes under the Democratic banner, and in the dry states the dries won under both banners.

The dries have a slightly increased majority in Congress, and no dry state at the election went wet, and, as one state went dry, there is nothing in the election for either the wets or the dries to get excited about. As a matter of fact, prohibition is upheld by a majority of the states, and the Eastern seaboard states might as well get used to it. Light wines and beer will never come back in America. We shall be ten or a dozen years sopping up the moisture east of the Alleghenies, but sooner or later the moisture will disappear, and in the meantime it will get drier and drier and the man who thinks his personal liberty is cramped will find the crimp getting tighter and tighter. Contributing money to wet associations is a good thing. It keeps the money in circulation that might otherwise go to bootleggers and it keeps men in nice, light, airy offices who otherwise might be bootlegging. And in the end, nothing will

come out of it all but pleasant conversation and more dry laws.

So why this excitement?

Clemenceau

CLEMENCEAU still remains the old Clemenceau of the Peace Conference, the man who more than any one else is responsible for the failure of the League of Nations. For he wrote force with



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claws into the treaty. The treaty and the covenant of the league would not mix. The treaty provided for a peace based upon force. The league provided for peace based upon reason. Wilson wrote the covenant with the aid of the English who sympathized with its idealism. Clemenceau wrote the treaty with the aid of the English who liked its loot. The French at one time during the conference thought they would separate the treaty and the covenant, and ratify the treaty and let the covenant wait, just as they were letting the treaty of the Washington Arms Conference wait. Wilson thought that the treaty would be so popular at home that he could get the covenant through with the treaty. It was a bad guess. The treaty finally killed the covenant.

And now comes Clemenceau to America to justify the treaty, to preach the doctrine of suspicion and hate, to try to make America accept the military gospel which America rejected when Briand preached it last year. America will listen to Clemenceau, but will not follow him. So long as Briand and Clemenceau represent Europe, America will do well not to crowd in too far. Sooner or later the leadership of Europe will learn that force will not replace reason in the modern world. When that lesson is thoroughly in the heart of Europe, America may help the world with her advice and counsel, backed with such power and influence in the world of commerce as a trading nation may have. But not now.

In the meantime how much stronger France would be with the moral support of America than France is with all her arms and dreams of empire.

Never Touched Him

APPARENTLY the election means nothing to President Harding. He sees merely a number of Democrats and one independent sitting where Republi-



cans sat in the Senate and a close majority for the Republicans in the House. The fact that from the Middle West the Republican Senators who came back are ultra-liberals and most of the Democrats who came from west of the Alleghenies are rather militant progressives does not seem to have penetrated the Presidential mind. Hence the message urging the ship subsidy; hence we hear at the White House talk of "a year of peace."

The President may cry "Peace, peace," but in the agricultural West there will be no peace. It will be war until the conditions which are depressing the mid-Western farmer are changed. Chiefly they desire relief from oppression in marketing, transportation and credit, and until he gets relief the mid-Western farmer is going to vote with the Democrats or with labor or with a third party or with any old fraud who will promise something.

The farmer is mad. Talk of a year of peace will make him see red and he will vote his emotions, his suspicions and his prejudices if the Republican party does not take up his case and consider it drastically, even radically. The occasion demands a red-hot, rip-snorting Rooseveltian message from the White House, backed by some legislation that will set all the lawyers in Congress crying "unconstitutional" as they cried at the pure food and drug act, at the Adamson law, at the Volstead act and at all the really forward moving legislation of the last twenty years.

Instead of which we have a beautifully considered argument for the ship subsidy—logical, but, a mild and innocuous Bevo served to a thirsty public demanding a real kick.

An Excess of Liberty

A LOCK-OUT in the building trades is threatened in New York City. If it comes hundreds of thousands of innocent people will suffer. The point in controversy is not important. But large or small, the controversial point, plus the temperament of certain labor leaders and certain employers, will bring on a small industrial war. The small war always is a menace. It is a communicable social disease, and no one knows where the war will end. Probably a year and a half from now an expensive committee of the Legislature or the city government will delve into the facts and decide that both parties were more or less wrong.

But that will not stop the war. Why should not society have a right to function as a going concern without the menace of this little war threatening maladjustment of the whole or any part of the economic structure? Surely labor and capital have no rights to brawl paramount to the right of society to an adjudication of this matter. It is not a question of arbitration or conciliation, nor any of the games of chance that we use for settling industrial disputes. We should have an industrial code; we should collect the facts of industry. We should know with approximate accuracy about what is right and wrong, and, as organized society under government, the non-combatants of the industrial war should proclaim justice and establish it.

How that should be done is, of course, up to statesmen. But it should be done. Here is a case where too much liberty is a bad thing.

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